

# UNITY.

FREEDOM, + FELLOWSHIP + AND + CHARACTER + IN + RELIGION.

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## AN OLD PARABLE.

[Inscribed to Liberal Thinkers.]

Behold, a sower went forth to sow,  
When the dawn swept over the land,  
And he sowed the seed as he passed along  
With a careful yet liberal hand.  
And the soft rain fell and the red sun shone,  
Till the glare of the August noon,  
When in due time the sheaves were bound  
In the light of the harvest moon.

Behold, a sower went forth to sow  
As the dawn swept over the land,  
And he sowed the seed as he passed along  
With a careless, niggardly hand.  
And the summer waxed, and the summer waned,  
In the round year's onward sweep,  
Till in the August sun at last  
Went the harvesters forth to reap.

And he who had sowed with a liberal hand,  
When he gathered his harvest in,  
Had of grain rich store, his barns run o'er,  
And filled to the full each bin.  
But he who had sowed with a sparing hand,  
Such a niggardly harvest reapt,  
That when the sheaves were all gathered in,  
He numbered them over, and wept.

Behold! we sowers are going forth,  
As Truth's dawn sweeps o'er the land,  
And whether we sow with abundant seed  
Or strew with a sparing hand  
The harvest will prove. Ah, friends, each one,  
We believe, will reap as he sows,  
And the time to insure the golden sheaves  
Is surely the day that he sows.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

"The highly prized *edelweiss*, heretofore supposed to grow only on the Swiss Alps, and another Alpine flower called the *männertreu*, have been found in Washington Territory on the Tacoma range; the former some 6,000 feet above the sea level". So, too, the nobilities and loyalties of human nature, supposed to be peculiar to one religion, one sect, one social class, are being constantly discovered on the heights of alien creeds or in what we think the social wildernesses.

"I would give nothing for that man's religion, whose dog and cat are not the better for it", said Rowland Hill. Why not add one's *flies*? Shall we kill them,—or take a moment longer, open the window and banish them into the great outside summer? The difference is no trifle either to the flies or us.

To the flies it is the difference between life and death. To us it is a difference between our religion and our irreligion. It isn't our *religion* which will dash from life the harmless buzzers; their crime, a little annoyance,—their penalty, death. "Do you want to see 'oor Dod, 'ittle fly"? said the three-year-old, who held her captive in one hand, while she raised the other: "Oo s'all see 'oor Dod,—there!" and down came the hand, slapping it out of existence. That God we call a Devil, and we pity the little child whose home-creed taught it deviltry for divinity. But if that sort of thought would make God a devil,—that sort of act in us is not "religion".

The *Christian at Work* grows tragic over the Bible Revisions: "Four years have passed and the New Testament revision is dead. It stabbed itself with the dagger of a pedantic, stiff, unnatural English. We must have a re-revision. It may be when some grave-stones are set up and some infants grow to manhood. It may not be till we who are now alive are all under the sod, and belong as completely to unimpassioned history and to a past beyond recall as do Sennacherib's paralyzed host." O no, dear Christian, long before we are as dead as that the people who are left won't care much about "the exact thought of the inspired writers" anyway, and will be better able than we to know scripture when they see it, new or old. The inspiration won't be reservoired in one book to them. But, as you say, good easy English always: no English scripture without that.

"Whoe'er she be,  
That not impossible she,  
That shall command my heart and me."

An exchange calls for a great Christian daily newspaper. If calling will bring it, we call for a little four-page, 10x14, daily newspaper. We want it religious enough not to love filth, and not to go from Maine to Florida for yesterday's murders, under the plea of "news-gatherings;" religious enough to cuff the Republican party when it needs cuffing, and the Democrats when they need it; religious enough to stand every time for the higher-life side of questions, especially those times when it will lose subscribers by doing so; religious enough to be Roman Catholic or Evangelical or Unitarian or infidel, without caring a bow-wow for the name of the church which happens on any given issue to be the church of the True and the Right. We should like it to have the Associated Press telegrams, so as to give us the cream of the day's milk all the planet over; but this is not essential,—cream one day old will generally do for us. But we want it to have a page of inch and two-inch editorials and news with editorial comment. We want one page of longer, solid editorials, and these



bright,—very. There may be one page of advertisements, but we want them credible. And we want our paper to be only 10x14 inches, because, being all worth reading, we want to read it all. And we will pay for this paper six dollars (\$6.00) a year, delivered at our house, and thank the carrier, and never send the editor any other contributions than our money.

Seriously, we believe that not many years will pass before there will be reaction from our mania for great newspapers with little ideals, and little newspapers with none; and that the "call" will be loud enough to call some such paper as that *impossible* above described into real existence. The daily newspaper is our very breath of life,—and for that very reason we want something purer and more vitalizing than those now offered us; and smaller, too. We cannot live without it,—as it is, we can hardly live with it. A large city daily is getting to be a most questionable visitor in our homes, and what is questionable there, may well be challenged anywhere. There is too much badness to the square inch in it; nothing but life-facts, perhaps, but not facts in life's proportions, so that the papers vilify the world.

"Your paper would starve, if born." Well, we will wait ten years and see. G.

In another column mention is made of a Unitarian who has been to church for twenty-five years, and did not know there was such a paper as the *Christian Register* in existence! And we wonder if there are not a great many Unitarians who do not know that a Channing ever lived; and if there are not a great many more who know him as a bare name. Hands up in Unitarian churches: those who have ever read ten pages of Channing! One, two, three—five, perhaps—the churches might average. Hands up among the ministers: those who have ever read an essay through! A recent letter from a conservative scholar-minister says: "Channing's Life is one of my favorite books; but I must confess that I had never read through one of his pieces till I made the index." The writer of these lines will make a somewhat similar confession; he, being to the manor born, at nearly forty years of age *discovered* Channing! And yet Channing is one of the small group of spiritual masters of the race—was an American—was a Unitarian—only died in 1842; and though in his thought there is much we have passed by—much that he himself was passing by before his death—much, for instance, that James Martineau, England's Channing, his contemporary and fellow-thinker in those days, has passed by while still living to word his altered thought,—though this is true, he yet remains a thinker of the hill-tops, a man of far horizon and strong fresh winds of inspiration. Of inspiration for *Unitarians*, too, who think they know the whole story, and who helped print the dollar edition of Channing—for the Orthodox! And much the same thing is true of Theodore Parker, also, among his kindred in the Unitarian household—Parker, who died in 1860, who is our next greatest name to Channing, and most of whose works have long been nearly out of print. He is soon to share the resurrection of a "dollar volume," too, and it

will be curious to watch the stranger's welcome among his relatives. To be sure, there is another side to such facts—the side that Edward Holden points out in the *June Century*, when speaking of Sir William Herschel. He says: "The Royal Society of London has no portrait of Sir William Herschel, who, next to Newton, was its greatest astronomer. There is no way of studying his magnificent memoirs except by consulting the thirty-nine quarto volumes of the Philosophical Transactions, in which they are scattered. The world at large has accepted the *results* of all these labors, and does not concern itself with the details. The ideas of the two Herschels have gone into the great stock of knowledge, along with those of Ptolemy, Galileo, Kepler, Newton, Kant, Laplace. *Their names are immortal in the surest way, for their beliefs are held by millions of their fellow-men.*" But it is *we* who lose a little of our immortality by not reading Channing and not reading Parker. W. C. G.

The churches Evangelical,—we, too,—are talking about the Revised Bible. But for us, at least, another question rises, that of the Enlarged Bible. In the *Christian Register* it has just been broached again—why not in church read other scriptures than those found in the ancient Hebrew literature and the early Christian memoirs and letters? It is a question that will recur again and again. It came up in the recent anniversary meetings of our English brethren, and there the general feeling seemed to be in favor of the old custom. Two or three persons said that ministers ought to respect the feelings of their congregation. Agreed—but before, or after, trying the enlarged scriptures? Most congregations as a whole would be very willing now and then to hear a passage from Emerson, as well as from Thomas à Kempis,—who seems to be thought of as the first safe excursion beyond the Bible bars—or a noble poem from Wordsworth or Browning, or a simpler poem reaching to our hearts from Whittier's; would not only be willing, but eyes and ears, and questions asked the minister, and borrowings of the book for home readings, would all attest the value and pleasure of the innovation. Now and then one or another of our ministers would choose a few unscriptural selections; and more than one or two in every parish might be troubled, and some who are seldom of the congregation would be sure to be. But let the experiment be fairly tried three or six months through, the minister spending his best reverence and best taste to keep his outside selections to the level of his Bible readings—and his Bible selections to the level of his outside readings, using both together, nobly matched, and *then*—"respect the feelings of the congregation." We believe three results would be almost certain:

(1) The majority of most of our Liberal congregations would prefer the joined readings—Bible matched with outside scripture.

(2) They would enjoy the Bible part itself the more for hearing it in this fresh way as literature.

(3) They would begin to feel for themselves the intrinsic nobleness of the Bible—often its intrinsic



superiority to the other passages, which yet they would not want to give up for all Bible.

And other gains would follow. Unitarians are not at all likely to have more reverence for the Bible *on simple grounds of tradition and association*, than they have at this moment, when the Bible is a widely-unread book among them, and holds its high place to them much as the Latin language holds its place in the Roman Catholic service. And yet it is going to be read by them again, and loved by them again. How? By their becoming again acquainted with it—as literature; and the thing of beauty, unveiled, may be trusted to become again a joy. And one method of hastening this popular re-discovery of the Bible—a re-discovery as real as that which Luther made—is for ministers to group the book with other scriptures, old and new, in pulpit readings. In many a church, next winter, the very churches that most will hesitate, it would freshen six months of services to frankly tell the people at the outset, “This winter we will use together the larger Bible; and at the winter’s end, let us all judge.”

W. C. G.

Dreadful as “the litany of crime” has been which the *Pall Mall Gazette* has been rehearsing to the English people and the world, there is one thing a great deal more dreadful, and that is, the crime itself; and perhaps more dreadful still the fact that it is not, in any true sense, news. That is, we all know the existence, the abundance, the vast presence of the crime,—not over there in London, but over here as well, in all our own large cities,—of which this exposure only uncovers the reek in a single social stratum. Heartless, beastly, damnable,—yes; but if we did not know, we could have guessed the rich man did the thing in some such way as this, when all the way down the scale of wealth we have what we have. These capitalists are no capitalists of the vice; they are simply using their capital in their vice. But capitalists, at most, are mere digits to the ciphers which make up the mass. More significant, more ominous, by far, is such a little home-fact as this, that two or three years ago, in St. Paul, a leading citizen, proprietor of what was then the chief hotel, and holding one of the very highest civic offices, openly advised and urged the city council to sanction brothels, in order to keep up the city’s reputation with the travelers and traders. More ominous by far, because that sort of shameful courage, and the fact that he believed it would not hurt his trade to advertise his hotel as corner-stoned on brothels, hint the rotten heart, not in the lazy kings of wealth, but in the large and active business class of brothers, sons and husbands.

Will it do good, this London revelation? Yes, a sickening good,—as cholera leads to better sanitation and longer life thereafter. Little evils may be silently outgrown and sloughed away; great, deep-seated, far-pervading evils take the awful ache of agitation, the gathering and breaking of storms of reprobation.

Meanwhile, the sickening need start no moral panic, should prompt no injustice. Probably noble

men are nowhere in larger proportion to their class than among the English nobility; nowhere more men and women who recognize the compulsions of their station, the *noblesse oblige*. And the American home is *not* the thing which the St. Paul tavern-keeper’s advertisement hints.

*A propos* of what is said in another column about the “Enlarged Bible,” an item or two from the old New England practice in regard to Bible-readings may be recalled. No book so constantly read in the Puritan home. On the fly-leaves of many a Bible handed down from the last century can probably be found records of “through and through” readings. One such Bible, that we know, holds the record of twenty-two journeys from Genesis to Revelations from the time the reader was a little girl of ten to the time she died, not yet old; eighteen months on an average the journey took. On the other hand, the Bible was not then so much as now a church book. In the old Pulpit-Bible of the Newport church, where he ministered, Dr. Stiles, learned in such things, entered an inscription to this effect,—that reading the Scriptures was not practiced in New England churches till 1700, when Dr. Coleman first began to read them in his Boston Church. McMaster, in his new volume, where he is describing the Sabbath services of a century later, 1800, speaks of the minister’s arrival, a hymn, prayer, sermon, benediction, a long pause, and the minister’s departure, but mentions no Bible-reading. By that time, however, it may have been a frequent, if not the general custom. Yet when Dr. Gannett was ordained with great solemnities as Channing’s colleague in June, 1824, no Bible was read. And in that same year, Dec. 29, according to the journal of the Boston Ministers’ Association, it was “voted that the Association do recommend the reading of a portion of the Holy Scripture as a part of the service at Ordination:” also “voted that the Scripture be hereafter read at the Thursday Lecture.” Even the mountains flow at last, and they have had a history of birth. So with our rigid religious customs, which seem to us unaltering, unalterable, as the hills. Another little instance: “At Dr. Mayhew’s funeral” (he died, minister of West Church, in Boston, 1766), “Dr. Chauncy made what is said to have been the first prayer offered at a funeral in Boston.” Funeral sermons were then in vogue. In both these cases—the Bible-reading and the prayer—the long reluctance was doubtless due to Puritan nervousness about anything resembling Roman Catholic or Episcopalian custom.

G.

### “MAMMA, WHO IS GOD?”

There are perhaps as many happy ways of telling as there are happy ways for a man to tell a woman first he loves her. Only, he must love to do it happily; and the mother-heart must have the God-love in it to tell this secret happily. While wondering how to say it, the child looks up in our face with its question, and the thing is said! For courage, it



is good to remember that the best we can give is but a hint, and that our simplest hint is apt to be our deepest, and that we need not be so very much afraid the child cannot understand our hint, as his own nature already holds the answer, and our part is that of prompter rather than instructor, after all. The child—like his parent, for that matter—is an inveterate transcendentalist as well as an inveterate image-maker, is both at once, both always; his every thought is a picture, but he pictures very metaphysical thoughts. He will know what we mean by the *soul*, if we call it “the boy inside you”; what we mean by *conscience*, if we call it “what you hear inside, saying ‘you ought’, or ‘you ought not’”; what we mean by *prayer*, if we call it “telling God”.

So with the *God*-thought: give your best God-thought, your highest, to your little child, fearing neither definition nor indefinable—*fearing neither, because we use both*. Each makes the other safe. Each interprets and corrects the other towards the truth. And part—not all, but part—of our best and highest thought is that which prompts in us the word, “I do not know what God is”: give this answer, too, and never fear. The child needs this with the rest; needs it much, and needs it from the first. It will make awe, and keep his idea a vital, growing thing: and the vagueness will not bother him half as much as it does us. He’ll take our thought, our vague-concrete, and turn it all to picture fast enough—the wee myth-maker! but almost as surely, some instant or some twelve-month later, will so apply his myth within our hearing that *we*, perhaps, will be the startled pupil, he the unconscious teacher,—so centrally has he caught an inmost meaning.

Even if you think you will begin from the outside, as the little mind works away upon your answers, in a few talks you are deep among the mysteries,—where you ought to be with it. Will you begin carefully, and first tell your two-year-old about the God who “made” the kitten, and the sunset, and its papa, and so on; and then about the God who “gives” it hands and feet and the papa; then about one who “is” in the room, unseen, and in all the rooms, and over at cousin Charlie’s, and in the dark, and in here, too—his heart,—and who “takes care” of folks at night, and of the papa on the cars? Well, where are you now,—outside, or inside? And now your two-year-old is four, perhaps, and “God” is no longer much puzzle to *him*! Nor has it been much puzzle at any time to him. The puzzle is on our side.

So the happiest answers to “Mamma, who is God?” are probably *bits of pure transcendentalism*, frankly trusted to the child as early as the question comes, *but trusted in some child-fitting image*. No higher test of the mother’s art than her unplanned success with that first question.

Two friends met in the cars, a father and a mother, and fell to talking of these matters. The father said: “I have a little boy just learning to read in a primer. Last Sunday night I took him on my knee and heard him read. The lesson closed with a couplet referring to God, using the word (God.) He looked up in my face and said: ‘Papa, who is God? what does God mean?’ I looked down into his little

face and replied: ‘Willie, I do not know’. Now what do you think I should have said? What would you have said?”

To which the mother replied: “I had the same experience with my little girl long before she could read. Her father was in Boston; we were in Washington. One night she sat upon my lap and leaned her head upon my breast, while I hummed aloud the tune ‘Stockwell’, and the words ‘God is love! His mercy brightens’, etc., ran through my mind. Suddenly she asked: ‘What is God, mamma?’ ‘Do you love me, darling?’ ‘Why, yes, mamma’, and the little hand came up and softly patted my cheek. ‘And you love the dear papa way off in Boston—your love reaches all the way from here to there, though you cannot see him?’ ‘Why, yes, mamma.’ ‘But can you see that love?’ ‘No, of course not.’ ‘But it is because you love papa and mamma that you try to be good and pleasant, and kind to pussy?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Well, darling, *that love is God!*’ Out of that little beginning she has developed in herself a very tender image of God, toward which she is reverent and obedient.”

Another lesson in this mother’s art. Mrs. — had preferred to teach her boys no “doctrine”, at least to volunteer none, leaving their nature to open of itself in the light of the home. But, at last, from between the sheets one bed-time, came the question, “Who is God?” “Whenever you see anything that’s beautiful or good, you see God, dear.” “Why, then God is *in me* sometimes!” the child answered right off. There he had it—essence of Plato, Jesus, Channing, in his own response to a quick mother-word.

Or, leaving now the mother’s side, to show the transcendentalism put into the picture-form by a child’s mind, take this for a seven-year-old’s prayer; it was “made” during the Saturday night’s bath, and the mother heard it afterwards: “Dear Father in Heaven, take away my sins. Squeeze them out of my soul like squeezing water out of a sponge. Then take Truth gently up and put her there; but still leave the soul open, that she may fly in and out, that I may speak the truth. Dear Father in Heaven, I cannot hear you answer my prayers, but I know thou dost. Good-night, dear Father.”

W. C. G.

## Contributed Articles.

### RETROSPECTIVE THEOLOGY.

A MEDLEY.

“Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed;  
Heavenly blessings without number  
Gently fall around thy head.”

Heaven within and all around me;  
’Twas the first of life I knew,  
That sweet cradle lullaby,  
Blessed mother, sung by you;



With your brown curls just above me,  
Brown eyes gazing into mine,  
And my sleepy baby blue eyes  
Winking, blinking back to thine.

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,"  
Over, over, soft and low—  
Patient, like our Heavenly Father,  
Never mother crooned it so;  
Never baby loved the music,  
Saw the angels come and go,  
Heard the blessings falling round me,  
Gently, like the falling snow,—

Till the blue eyes blinked no longer,  
Till the rosy lids closed fast,  
Tired nature proving stronger  
Than the witching song, at last.

\* \* \* \*

Oh, the weary, weary rockings,  
Since I left my cradle heaven;  
Oh, the sad, tumultuous rockings,  
Since I counted "one time seven"!  
Oh, the dismal songs they sung me;  
Listen to their curdling flow;  
Could I sleep, and dream of heaven,  
Tossed on raging billows so?

*"The Chariot! The Chariot!  
Its wheels roll on fire,  
As the Lord cometh down,  
In the pomp of his ire.  
Lo! self-moving, he rides  
On his path-way of cloud,  
And the doom of Eternity  
Hangs on his word.*

*"The Judgment! The Judgment!  
The thrones are all set;  
There the saints  
And the white-vested elders are met;  
There all flesh is at once  
In the sight of the Lord,  
And the doom of Eternity  
Rests on his word."*

*"Lo! on a narrow neck of land,  
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand—  
Yet how insensible!  
A point of time, a moment's space,  
Removes me to yon heavenly place—  
Or shuts me up in hell."*

Childish awe and childish wonder,  
Childish questions filled my breast;  
But the answers that they gave me  
Tossed my soul with vague unrest.  
Was it true, my Heavenly Father,  
He who loved and gave me bread—  
Coming thus in cloudy chariot,  
Gathering round him all the dead—  
Would, with thunder like that music,  
Speak the word of doom to all  
Who, through weakness, failed to please him,  
Or forgot on him to call?

"Yes, 'twas true, I must believe it,  
*Must* believe; and I must pray,  
To be ready, if God willed it,  
E'en to be a castaway."

\* \* \* \*

Ah! it is pitiful,  
Home full or city full  
Of God's little ones,  
Taught thus to serve the Lord,  
Taught even to hate,  
To rise in rebellion  
'Gainst such bitter fate.

But it is glorious  
To come forth victorious  
Out of such mists,  
Within and around us,  
Below and above,  
Beholding our Father,  
Partaking his love.

*"No longer forward or behind  
Looking in hope or fear,  
Grateful, we take the good we find,  
God's blessing now and here.*

*"We plow no more a desert land,  
To harvest weed and tare;  
The manna dropping from God's hand  
Rebukes our painful care.*

*"We break our pilgrim staff—we lay  
Aside the toiling oar;  
The angel sought so far away,  
We welcome at our door.*

*"And all the jarring notes of life  
Seem blending in a psalm;  
And all the angles of its strife  
Slow rounding into calm."*

\* \* \* \*

For—

*"The Lord is in his Holy Place,  
In all things near and far;  
Shekinah of the snow-flake, he,  
And Glory of the star;  
And Secret of the April-land  
That stirs the field to flowers,  
Whose little tabernacles rise  
To hold him through the hours.*

*He hides himself within the love  
Of those whom we love best;  
The smiles and tones that make our homes  
Are shrines by him possessed;  
He tents within the lonely heart  
And shepherds every thought;  
We find him not by seeking long,—  
We lose him not, unsought."*

\* \* \* \*

Yet broods one dark shadow still over the way,  
One sad cloud yet gathers to darken my day;  
The mother who rocked me, and sang, "Hush, my  
dear",



My frail, precious mother, is racked with vague fear  
Lest her "wandering" daughter, forsaking the way  
The old fathers taught, may, in that dreadful day  
Of calling to judgment, stand outcast at last,  
Too late for repentance, probation's time past.

In vain do I chant her the new songs I know,  
In vain seek to soothe with their rhythmical flow;  
The strange new-time music, the words and the  
rhyme

Are discordant to her, and all out of time.  
If only this shadow *could* pass from my sky—  
If I to my mother could sing lullaby  
In life's closing day, as she sang it to me  
At life's early dawn, Oh! how glad should I be!

M. C. L.

### CONCERNING THE MILLENNIUM.

There is a question in the minds of all Christians, one might perhaps say all men, at least all scholarly men, not solved yet. It is not the only question unsolved, but is one about which many people are uneasy, and many more certainly would trouble themselves but for their conviction of the utter hopelessness of ever gaining any certain answer. It is the question about the millennium. No one can tell with any certainty what the millennium really is. Therefore, no one can be sure as to its exact time and place. Thus it comes to pass that while some would put it off into an endless future, others expect it every day, some claim it to be here just now, and a few (of the pessimistic school) will assure us that if there was any possibility for a millennium at all it certainly *has been*, and has passed away long ago.

We cannot pretend to solve the problem, but we would suggest a few things which might serve as indications of the presence or the absence of that felicitous period and state of things called the millennium. Some people delight to dwell on supernatural signs to be expected. But, as we cannot bring such signs down from heaven or over from the life beyond, we shall only name some very simple symptoms of an earthly character and of this life here. The millennium will have come when all children shall love to go to school; when boys and girls between six and nine years of age shall like arithmetic; when children shall believe that their parents have, if nothing else, at least more experience of life than they have or could have.

The millennium will have come when *all* public functionaries shall have the same manners in their dealings with all persons, with the pauper as well as with the prince or the money king; when the street cars shall run in such a manner as to afford all honest persons seats for their cash fares, and not force them to be packed like herrings or to be suspended between heaven and earth, which often means between rain and mud, on the edge of the car steps; when one lady shall have the charity and urbanity to make room on the car for another lady; when the legislatures of all governments shall not only *make* laws, but abide by them, as well as they expect other mortals to do; when the people shall indeed be the power

behind the throne in all things, not merely be managed and cajoled.

The millennium will have come for sure on earth when preachers and ministers shall think less of their salaries than of the simple straightforward truth; when men shall respect and care for the comforts of their wives as much as they did when those same wives were "sweethearts;" when wives shall learn to pity their husbands' purses and minds, and not, by extravagance in millinery and dress, drive their "dear, dear men" mad, or—to Canada; when women shall look on Monday morning at the wash-tub as young and ruddy as they did on Sunday morning in church; when they shall have as few wrinkles in their faces on getting up in the morning as they have, or seem to have, in the afternoon when they are "dressed" to go out visiting or shopping, and when their complexions on the street are the same as at the breakfast-table; when people shall learn always to speak the truth on Exchange and at the Board of Trade, and never to tell a lie in—church; when the number of professing and confessing Christians shall be much less than that of the *real* Christians; when people shall learn to love God more than to fear the Evil One; when there shall exist true brotherly love, not only on the pages of the Good Book, but on the street, in commerce, in life; when the Jew shall be hated no more all over the world, but obtain justice even in the Russian empire; when the Chinaman shall be treated with equity and righteousness even in America; when there shall be no more color distinctions made even in hotels and churches; where, in brief, truth shall reign supreme, honesty acknowledged to be the best policy, even among business men, not only among "book-worms" and saints; when men shall have learned to do right *because* it is right; when love shall supplant hatred; when benevolence shall be at least the rule and cruelty the rare exception; when these signs appear we may be sure the millennium has come.

RUDOLF WEYLER.

CHICAGO, July, 1885.

## Little Unity.

### SUMMERTIME.

Sing a song of sunshine,  
Of blossoms and of birds;  
Sing, dear little children,  
All your sweetest words.  
The fields are full of flowers,  
The skies are full of song,  
For summertime has come to make  
Us happy all day long.

The bees are in the clover,  
Gathering their honey;  
They're harvesting—the prudent folk—  
While 'tis warm and sunny.  
The meadow sweet is blooming,  
The buttercups are bright,  
And shining leaves and waving grass  
Are twinkling in the light.



The merry little midges  
Are dancing in the air;  
The butterflies with freckled wings  
Are flitting everywhere.  
From robin, thrush and song sparrow  
Come carols sweet and clear;  
For summer is the happiest time  
Of all the happy year.

Then sing, dear little children,  
Sing all your sweetest words.  
Give thanks for God's dear sunshine,  
For the blossoms and the birds.  
While with your voices blending,  
My own shall bear a part,  
I'll sing, "For little children, too,  
I have a thankful heart".

ANNA M. PRATT.

### HOW BLOSSOM AND ROYAL HULLED THE BERRIES.

Blossom was five, and whenever Bessie, the "help", went home for a visit, she tried to be a very helpful little housewife. Roy, her little brother, was three, and quite obedient to Blossom, who assumed the maternal with him and was very conscious of her maturer two years. One afternoon when papa was away and Bessie had gone on a visit to her country home, mamma sent them to the grocery for strawberries for tea. Away they flew, hand in hand, the money safely stowed away in Blossom's pocket. Stopping at the gate they threw back kisses at mamma, who stood in the door looking after them; then down the hill they went, their light curls flying back in the wind as though still waving loving good-byes to mamma. When they returned, mamma asked them to pick over the berries and take off the "ruffles," as they called the green calyx; and she went to prepare the evening meal.

When she came for the berries, there were two little children with very red lips, an empty box and a few berries in a dish.

"Where are the rest of the berries?" asked mamma, gravely.

"Why!—we'se eated 'em", said Blossom, with a look of mingled surprise and shame.

"'Es, we's eated 'em", echoed Roy, and his face began to assume a perplexed look. They had neither of them realized the fact until that moment. They stood looking at the little handful of berries in dismay. The rest had certainly gone past all hope of recovery, and into their innocent (often but a misnomer for ignorant) little lives had come a new problem to solve. Mamma placed the berries on the tea-table and was called away by a ring at the door-bell. When she came back, Blossom had climbed into her chair, spooned all the berries into a sauce-dish and placed it at mamma's plate. Both she and Roy had climbed into their high chairs and waited her coming.

"Them's yours", said Roy, in just the tinge of a justification tone.

"Them's all we'se left", said Blossom, sadly;

"eat 'em, mamma", and they began their evening meal silently—mamma much perplexed to know just how to teach her little ones a very important lesson, and the little ones very puzzled over what it all meant.

Suddenly Blossom said, with a look of yearning in her face and sorrow in her voice: "Mamma, I don't cink your bellies taste welly good".

"They don't, dear", said mamma; "they taste lonesome".

Roy, with his blue eyes swimming in tears and lips quivering, sighed out: "The bellies I eated don't taste dood eizer".

The next evening you may be sure there were no "lonesome" berries eaten in that house. From that day to this Blossom and Royal have always insisted on every good thing they have going "all around", and the much smaller share left to them always tastes good long after it has been eaten.

### LEND A HAND.

"The country week" has often been mentioned here, and each time with a brief word about its plan of sending the sick and poor little children of the city out into the country for a week of pure air and farm experiences. Sometimes you have read of the good results to the children, and of their wise or funny sayings,—often pathetic as well, in the unconscious revelation they were of the lives to which the children had been accustomed. We would like to give you more of these interesting accounts now, but as we try to accommodate ourselves to a smaller space than we have other years, we must this time only remind you of this most interesting form of modern benevolence, as the *Christian Register* calls it, and ask you to add your mite to help it along. The Boston paper just mentioned says in its issue of July 2: "Last year from twenty-two to twenty-three hundred children were sent off. Already there are twenty-six hundred names of children applying for this vacation. All contributions to this most excellent object may be sent to the President, W. H. Baldwin, 18 Boylston St., marked 'For the country week'. They will be promptly and gratefully acknowledged."

WHEN the weary brain is rocked in fancy's cradle, the golden slumbers of contentment dispel the grievances and vexations that form the retinue of stern reality, and clothe all things in the refreshing beauty of a summer landscape silvered with moonlight; the clash and clamor that distract the waking spirit are changed to sweetest music and harmonized with the song of the morning stars. But let Discontent place his foot on the rocker and the outlook is as dreary as if obtained through the port-hole of an old-fashioned three-decker ploughing a stormy sea under false colors.

INFALLIBLE RECIPES.—For preserving the complexion, temperance; for whitening the hands, honesty; to remove stains, repentance; for improving the sight, observation; for improving the voice, civility; to keep away moths, good society; a beautiful ring, the home circle.



## UNITY.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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CHAS. H. KERR, Office Editor.

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1885.

THE Sermon on the Mount is to be "illustrated" at last. It will appear in the list of holiday days.

REV. THOS. J. VAN NESS will pass the summer vacation in traveling through the Pacific states. We shall look to him for a report as to the Unitarian outlook there on his return.

UNITY's editors, Mr. Jones and Mr. Blake, are going on a brief missionary tour to Cooksville and Evansville, Wis., and services will be held at both of these places on Saturday and Sunday.

CROWN POINT, Ind., is the center of a new and hopeful movement begun by Mr. Jennings, who has been preaching there for several Sundays. The use of a Baptist chapel has been tendered and accepted, and good results may be looked for.

REV. J. H. CROOKER, of Madison, is spending his vacation at Baraboo, Wis. The people there seem to appreciate fully the luxury of regular morning services, and are busily engaged in renovating their building, which is beginning to look exceedingly attractive.

We suggest to those of our readers who regard their file of UNITY as worth keeping that they send for the "Emerson Binder," advertised on the last page. We have used the binder for preserving our office files for several years, and regard it as the best device obtainable for the purpose.

FORT DODGE, IOWA.—A most promising movement has been started at this place through the efforts of Rev. Mary A. Safford, now of Sioux City, and Rev. Ida C. Hultin, of Algona. The latter preached twice last Sunday to enthusiastic audiences, and after the evening sermon all interested in forming an organization were invited to remain. Seventeen names were affixed to a pledge drawn up by

Miss Hultin, and the following officers were elected: President, Fred H. Taft; Vice-President, L. E. Hurlbut; Secretary, Dr. A. B. Van Sickle; Corresponding Secretary, Edith Train; Treasurer, Mrs. L. E. Hurlbut. A large and immediate increase in the number of members is looked for confidently.

SEVERAL copies of the Unitarian Directory for 1885, compiled by Russell N. Bellows and Albert Walkley, are still on hand, and will be given away at this office, on receipt of three cents in stamps to pay postage. The little book contains much information that is valuable at any time, and our readers will do well to avail themselves of this offer.

THE *Indian Messenger*, in an editorial, seeks for "the power that conquers the world"; and finds it in sincerity, "a virtue unknown to an unfaithful soul, and when that essence is gone, prayer is but a vessel without the honey." The world is not to be conquered simply by principles, but by "personal piety and the evolution of spiritual power."

CHURCH-BUILDING at Madison is progressing finely. Mr. Sunderland, who preached there last Sunday, reports that the walls of our new church home are already three feet above the level of the first floor, and that the church members are actively at work raising money to complete the house. It is hoped that everything will be ready for the dedication by January.

NEW "UNITY SHORT TRACT" READY.—No. 6, "The Faiths of Evolution," by W. J. Potter—"my creed, though not necessarily yours," as he tells his people. Another noble statement of the religious faith made possible by the science of the nineteenth century. One hundred copies for sixty cents. The six tracts of this series now out will be mailed together from this office for five cents.

NEW "UNITY MISSION TRACTS" READY.—No. 22, "Is a Scientific Basis for Religion Possible?" by Minot J. Savage, who thinks it is. No. 23, "The Sympathy of Religions," by Thomas W. Higginson, who thinks the sympathy between the great religions of the world is strong and traceable in all three fields of doctrine, ritual and morals. Each of these five cents, or ten for twenty-five cents, mailed from this office. The fourteen tracts now out in this series will be mailed together for thirty-five cents.

A BUSINESS man from the east writes: "Inclosed find draft for three dollars in payment for two years' subscription. I often feel like writing you a few words of cheer and commendation for your excellent little paper. I am sure you never realize how much pleasure and benefit your readers derive from it. When the carrier brings it to me with my business mail, I can never resist glancing it over to see something of the contents, and who are the contributors, for I know them all so well by their writings that it seems like hearing from old friends and personal acquaintances. The little paper is tucked in my pocket, to be read at intervals during the day—at little odd moments, as on sitting down to a meal, or any spare minutes—then I send it on a missionary tour through the mails to some friend—orthodox or heterodox—that I think will appreciate it."



## THE IOWA CONFERENCE.

The annual business session of this conference occurred in Sioux City, July 1, 2, 3 and 5. There prevailed in the meetings a spirit of the satisfaction that comes of work well done. From the reports it was evident that the churches were stronger, financially, socially and religiously, than they were a year ago, or, perhaps, ever before. The report from Humboldt showed that all the assessments for missionary purposes during the past year were fully paid, the classes for literary and religious study were well attended, the special services of the year were beautifully kept, and, best of all, perhaps, as marking the depth of religiousness in the church, a class of several young people, after a careful study of the Unitarian faith, under the leadership of their beloved pastor, were formally admitted into the church fellowship.

The Sioux City society need but point to the results achieved at Humboldt to show that they could not have chosen from the Unitarian ministers of Iowa an abler pastor.

The report from the Algona church was likewise encouraging. Heretofore there has been some uncertainty as to the ability of the society to retain their pastor. But now, so hopeful are the prospects, that Miss Hultin has not only been re-engaged for another year, but the society is also to be incorporated and a more attractive hall occupied. One of the especially noticeable features of the report was that ten young men had joined together to pay \$100 of the salary.

Mr. Clute's report showed that the fairly large and very appreciative congregations of students at his meetings continue, and that in his class for religious study as many as thirty students have been enrolled during the year.

The church at Des Moines has been re-carpeted, and the Sewing-school Society has a hundred dollars in the treasury.

At Davenport the congregations have increased and two hundred dollars has been added to the pastor's salary. Mr. Cushing is preaching to good-sized and much interested congregations at Chariton and Indianola.

But the best report came from the society which, as far as the conference went, needed no report. Never in the West, and perhaps never in the East, has an organization been more enthusiastically and more successfully begun than in that thriving city, which has risen from eight to eighteen thousand inhabitants in five years. The glow of success, the joy in the new faith and the eagerness for more information which characterize this favorite child of the association were the elements which helped make the conference memorable.

Next to them were Mr. Simmons' sermons. In a well managed political meeting there is always reserved for the last speech a man who can rest a wearied audience. Such a speaker is Mr. Simmons, and if conferences will persist in the vicious custom of having a last speech after the people are weary to the point of exhaustion, let that speech be made by Mr. Simmons, would be the advice of all who heard him at Sioux City.

Of course such an influence is only praiseworthy in a preacher when it springs from the power to expound great principles brilliantly and religiously. In a remarkable degree such is Mr. Simmons' power.

Of the other parts I will not speak in detail except to say that they were, I think, quite up to the standard of the Iowa conferences. The reports from Mrs. Cole and Miss Gould in regard to their Post-office Mission work should be mentioned, for they deserve a much longer hearing than they could command in a state conference. It is to be hoped that one or both of these papers, in whole or part, will be published in the *Christian Register* or in *UNITY*.

Several important resolutions were passed at the business sessions. Chief among these were the resolutions to publish a report of the proceedings of the conference in pamphlet form; to join in the revived Missouri Valley Conference; to take steps to secure to the conference possession of the college property at Humboldt, in order to organize there a first-class academy; to employ Rev. Oscar Clute as minister-at-large for the state and, to a limited extent, for the adjoining state of Minnesota and the territory of Dakota, provided the A. U. A. would contribute to the payment of his salary; and, lastly, to make the unity between Universalists and Unitarians as great in fellowship as it is in purpose and principle.

In furtherance of this last resolution a letter of good-will was sent to the Iowa Universalist Conference in reply to one received from their secretary, and Rev. Oscar Clute was delegated to represent us at their next annual meeting. An invitation was also extended to them to be present at our meetings.

A resolution for a plan of organization to be recommended to new societies by the Association, including a statement of belief, was laid on the table until the next annual meeting.

The vote of regrets passed upon the withdrawal of Mrs. Cole from the secretaryship of the conference was very hearty and sincere. Mrs. Cole has labored most faithfully and efficiently for Unitarianism in Iowa, and her permanent loss from the band of active workers is a prospect which we will not allow ourselves to contemplate. It is to be hoped that after a year's much needed rest she may be found in her old place again.

Among the business transacted none was more satisfactory than the collection of \$200 in cash and subscriptions, which was taken up during the conference, and none more needed, perhaps, than a resolution to have a limit in duration fixed by the secretary to all conference parts.

In closing a report of the condition of the "visible" Unitarian church of Iowa, it will not do to overlook the congregation of three hundred who are being preached to through Mrs. Cole's Post-office Mission, of the Davenport committee's congregation of seventy-five, and of the many persons reached through the Humboldt and Des Moines missions. We would have all friends far and near realize that these are beginning to be genuine parishes, who look to their pastors of the written word, as other parishes look to their pastors of the spoken words, and that important results will follow the organization of such parishes.

ARTHUR M. JUDY, *Secretary*.



## Announcements.

The Subscription price of UNITY is \$1.50 per annum, payable in advance. Single copies 5 cents.

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Remittances are acknowledged by changing this date. No written receipts are sent unless requested.

Subscribers are requested to note the expiration of their subscriptions and send in their renewal without waiting for a bill. No paper discontinued without an express order and payment of all arrearages.

Make checks payable to the order of Charles H. Kerr.

Contracts for Advertising in UNITY can be made by applying to Edwin Alden & Bro., Fifth and Vine streets, Cincinnati, or 140 Nassau street, New York City. Rate per line 8 cents. Electrotypes must be on metal.

### THE BUILDING FUND AND PROBLEMS OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO.

The kindness and encouragement which the senior editor of this paper is receiving from some of its readers in these days is a matter too personal and tender to be spoken of, even in these columns, but the widespread interest in this attempt to house a missionary movement in a more economical and, consequently, a more rational way than the conventional one, is interesting evidence that there is need of experiment, innovation, and reform in church architecture. Of the large amount of good-will contained in the 135 letters received up to this date, the best of hints is given in the acknowledgment published below. The ninety subscribers to the "UNITY Fund," already reported, hint at the breadth and directness of the work that awaits any true church. It should embody the love and loyalty of the many, rather than the mere surplus of a few; for, as a correspondent from St. Paul says:

"Love and good-will may not pay for brick and mortar, but they are of vital importance in the spiritual atmosphere of both church and home."

A full realization of this principle would change the wording in the following sentence from an ever-youthful sister of eighty-two at Boston:

"Most of my friends of liberal opinions are not rich, and my rich friends are not of liberal opinions."

Another Massachusetts sister says:

"The plan of your church and parsonage presents a very pretty appearance, and I think it certainly is compact, convenient and sensible. I want to buy three dollars worth of brick for its walls."

A Milwaukee correspondent writes:

"We congratulate you on having secured something original. It seems as though everything had been thought of essential to utility and comfort. I hope it will prove as pretty and comfortable as it appears on paper."

A lady from one of our small western parishes says:

"I feel greatly interested in your sensible plan of a church and parsonage combined, and I have such a longing to help in my small way that I must give my mite, though I felt when I began my note that I ought not to do it, and would write and tell you why. A good impulse must be encouraged, and our dear little church and our good minister will lose nothing by it."

A college student hopes that "the economic and rational plan will be followed by others."

A recent convert from orthodoxy:

"I read your sermon last month, and I like the church plans very much, and sympathize with your feeling that its 'very walls should be instinct with human fellowship and human needs.' I want some of my orthodox friends to read the sermon. Will inclose stamps for five copies."

A member of an old New England parish writes:

"We are carrying the weight of an old-fashioned church, so large that our listeners are scattered about like lost sheep; without vestry, hall, or any conveniences for social life or mutual culture."

A Missouri teacher wants to know whether we prefer a dollar now or waiting till the first of October for five dollars. We wait till October.

A thoughtful New England reader says:

"I shall send your letter to a friend, hoping she will subscribe, if it be only a little, for 'many a mickle makes a muckle'."

From among the snowy ranges of Idaho a brother sends his little to a place in the New Departure Church, and says:

"I believe in your idea and motives for the unique church-home. It is very desirable to put it into brick, mortar and wood, as an example and feeler in the new way."

A Michigan Judge writes:

"Your plan is splendid! It will make a beautiful church in outward appearance, and the inside arrangement must be very convenient. It certainly is a departure in the right direction."

Out of a metropolitan bank come the following notes of the higher life, so suggestive of the possibility combining business with the real piety of head and heart, that we give it at length:

\* \* Your sermon in UNITY of June 20, was just my idea, and I think very highly of it, and it would have been better for our glorious faith in — if we had built more small churches in different parts of the city than having only two large ones that are never more than half full because the pew rents are far too high. A great many are obliged to worship in Carlyle's Cathedral of Immensity because they cannot afford to pay for a sitting in the church. I have sent you two new subscribers for UNITY. It is improving all the time. That article, "Beautify the Instant", was excellent. It was up to the spirit of the hour. I like the church; it is about one of the best things I get, but I believe the written word really does the most good. I was speaking to a Unitarian about the *Christian Register*, of Boston, and to my surprise he said he never had heard of it, and yet that man has been going to the Unitarian church here for twenty-five years. I think if I was a minister I would talk it up, for it really is one of the best papers in the country,—full of noble and exalted thought. I hope you will enjoy your vacation and be well toned up, full of vim, running over, and will return to the work you like so well, and after walking day by day with 'Him who hauds the firmament in his ae han' and the earth in his ither' you will have a storage of spiritual forces that will help to make our human life divine."

AN INDEX TO VOLUMES XIII AND XIV of UNITY has been prepared and will be sent to any address on receipt of a two cent stamp. Address this office.

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\*Subscription not accompanied by cash.

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A quaint appeal from Christianity to Christ. It simply sets the things which Jesus emphasized over against those which the Churches emphasize. A good tract for those afraid to doubt the usual doctrines.

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First, its Story from Bible times, through the Trinity-growing centuries and the persecutions of the Reformation, up to the present Unitarianism of England and America. Then, the Principles involved in this long stand for Reason in Religion.

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